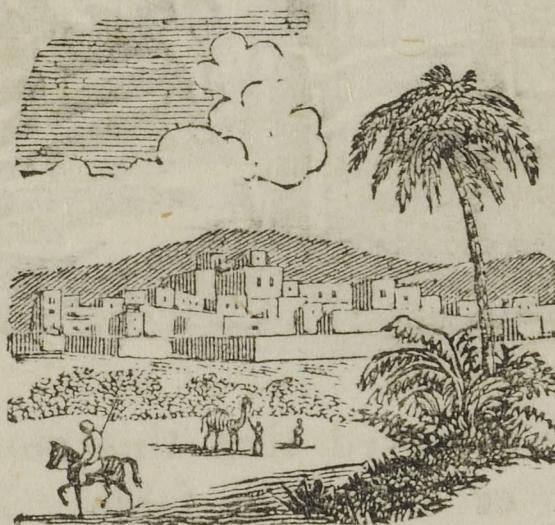


DEAN'S
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THE DAY'S WORK

OF

A LITTLE ZEPHYR.



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THE DAY'S WORK OF A LITTLE ZEPHYR.



[It may be observed that this story is a parable, or rather a fable. Zephyr, properly speaking, is the west wind; which, as it is usually mild and cheerful, is pictured by painters as a winged little boy. It is on the supposition of this character of Zephyr, that the story is related.]

A LITTLE Zephyr awoke one morning from its bed in the green corn leaves, and said softly to itself, "I will see how much such a little breeze as I can do toward making this day pleasanter."

He did not yawn and loiter, but started at once on his mission. And first, he kissed gently the sleepy flowers and woke them up to see the sun rise. In doing so, he scattered down some bright beads of dew on the old lark's back, who instantly raised her head, then plumed her wings and flew away—recalling, practically, at least, the maxim, that "the early bird catches the worm."

When he reached the farm-house, he found its inmates drowsy and languid, the sultry morning air disinclining them for labour. But he played about their heads in his merriest mood, fanning first one and then another, until all were quite refreshed. "Oh, what a pleasant breeze," they exclaimed: and Zephyr felt well repaid.

Next he entered the chamber of a poor sick boy, who had been tossing all night

on a sleepless couch. There was no cooling in the air that entered the open window, and the thin white curtain crossed before it hung idle and motionless. Zephyr swept by the airy gauze, and entered the room with a low, sweet murmur. He



came laden with the breath of June roses, and the little sufferer left the inside for the outside of the cottage, to

watch the cool flutter of the plants, and catch again the delicious scent of the flowers. "Oh, how lovely!" he murmured; "how grateful to my poor, burning head." Zephyr lifted his soft hair gently, and kissed the soft brow once more. Just then the old lark lighted on the top branch of the big apple tree, and poured forth such a gush of melody, the whole orchard seemed vocal with fairy music. It made the child's eye brighten, and his heart throb with exquisite pleasure. Soon the old bird hopped down and picked up a big worm to take home for the young larks' breakfast, and then the weary little boy turned his head on his pillow and sank into a peaceful slumber.

Thus Zephyr spent his day scattering blessings wherever he went. More than once he strengthened the weary-footed traveller, giving him fresh energy and courage; he fanned the flushed cheeks of the sleeping babe, thus prolonging his slumber, and enabling its mother to toil on uninterruptedly. He saw a little boy trudging along the dusty roadside, crying

bitterly because his favourite toy was ruined. "Poor little fellow," thought Zephyr; "I will try to amuse him." So he commenced a gay waltz in the road before him, and directly the dust, sticks, bits of paper, and grasses were whirling around at a mad rate, causing the little



boy to open his eyes with wonder, and as it retreated along the road, he gave chase, running and laughing, as gay as the wind.

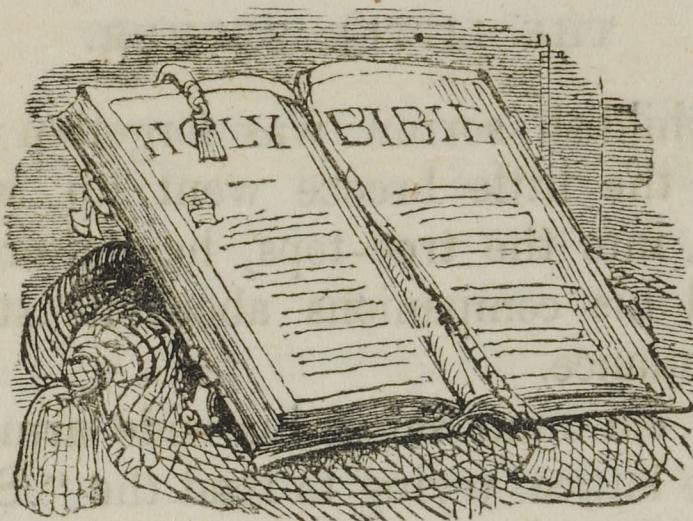
His childish sorrow was forgotten ; and when the little breeze went up, with a laugh, into the tree-tops, he pattered off to tell his companions about its strange performance.

An old man sat in his wide armchair, by the lattice, trying to read the "Saint's Rest;" but the hot air caused his head to droop with faintness, and the book was laid aside. Gently Zephyr sighed through the whispering vine leaves, and fanned the thin, white temples, softly caressing the silvery hair. With a grateful blessing on the Heaven-sent breeze, the old man fell asleep, and through his dreams a breath of Eden floated.

Evening shadows fell at length, and a cool night-wind sprang up. Zephyr's work for the day was done, and, very happy, he sank to rest in the arms of the waving corn.

Always, my little friend, you will find, that the surest way to be happy yourself, is to try and make others so ; and remember that you can do far more toward making every day pleasant to those about you than a hundred little zephyrs could.

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THY WILL BE DONE.

My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home in life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,

Thy will be done.

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me be still, and murmur not ;
But breathe the prayer divinely taught,

Thy will be done.

If Thou should'st call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine,
I only yield Thee what is Thine.

Thy will be done.

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,

Thy will be done.